

Wrong Place, Right Time

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Wrong Place, Right Time

by [ChillsofFire](#)

Summary

The crew of the Lost Light find themselves playing host to some familiar faces from another universe. Everything seems to be going great, but there's something strange about the new Optimus and Megatron. It's almost like they're....but no, they couldn't be! ...Could they?

Notes

The final prompt for MegOp week: Free Theme!

This one came to life when a friend and I were joking about how the MTMTE crew would react if they met the Prime versions of Optimus and Megatron from my story 'The Enemy of My Enemy'. So obviously I had to write this!

If anyone reading this happens to be reading TEoME, please know that I did not include any spoilers in this story. This entire idea can be described as an AU inside an AU (possibly inside another AU idk I lost track)

If you are reading this and have NOT read TEoME, don't worry, you don't need to for this to make sense (but if you want you should definitely go read TEoME haha shameless plug) ANYWAY! Enjoy!

“So in your universe, the war ended peacefully?”

“Yeah! Well, I mean, mostly. Optimus and Megatron called a truce and...that was it!”

“No trials?”

“Nope.”

“No Starscream-ruled Cybertron?”

“Primus, no.”

“I can hear you!”

“Yeah, Starscream, I know. I can see you sitting there.”

“Smokescreen,” Optimus Prime’s deep voice cut through the chatter of *Swerve*’s, “what is the rule?”

Smokescreen sighed, “Play nice with the ‘cons...”

“Thank you.”

“Even though they were rude when I was *right*.”

Swerve smiled at Smokescreen’s mumbling, watching as he turned on his stool to fully face the bar instead of continuing to swing around in half circles. Easier to pout, he supposed.

It was strange, seeing these bots in his bar. Doppelgangers, most of them, but also not quite. They were so similar, and yet so utterly different.

This second Smokescreen was so much younger than the one he knew, still a green-horned soldier with dreams of a great future, not a second of psychiatrist training under his belt.

Wheeljack was more war-worn, a Wrecker with the scars and attitude to prove it.

Ratchet was...well actually Swerve was pretty sure the Ratchets were almost the same person. Different experiences, and maybe the new one had a bit of a younger feel to him, but they were both grumpy, both overly worried about the bots under their care, and had the same basic sense of humor. Swerve still hadn’t decided if seeing both of them together was hilarious or something to be afraid of.

Starscream was drastically different in appearance alone, thin and silver where the other was armored and splashed in color. Attitude seemed the same though.

Soundwave...Soundwave was terrifying. He didn’t speak, Swerve could never tell where he was looking, and he just seemed to *appear* when he was called. No, not even called, when he was *mentioned*.

But the truly interesting differences were the ones in this odd groups Optimus and Megatron.

Optimus was quieter, more patient. He listened when someone spoke to him, really listened. Swerve had gotten nervous when he’d first taken a seat directly at the bar, but the Prime had never

interrupted his ramblings. He'd asked questions, he'd acted interested in what Swerve had to say. He was humble, even as he carried himself with the air of someone regal.

Then there was Megatron. The *walking weapon*.

The Megatron Swerve was used to, who was unwillingly going by "Megs" until these new bots could get home, was already scary. Everyone knew what he had done, knew what he was capable of. His reputation spoke for itself. But he had earned some begrudging respect from the crew of the *Lost Light*. He knew how to lead, had proven himself surprisingly patient with bots like Rodimus, and...

Well, actually now that Swerve thought about it, he was kind of similar to this new Optimus. Wasn't that a strange thought?

But this new Megatron, the one who looked like he would gut the first person who dared to call him Megs, he was scary on a whole new level. For starters, he looked like he was *made out of swords!* Just his figure alone was enough to make anyone run in the other direction.

It made his at ease attitude that much more unnerving. He spoke like someone with practice making speeches, but when he'd been asked about his poetry he had laughed like it was the most absurd thing he had ever heard. The sight of his sharpened denta had silenced everyone else.

Well, everyone on the *Lost Light*. The bots that had appeared with him, the ones from the Other universe, never batted an optic at him.

It was all very strange.

Swerve picked up a glass and a rag, optics sweeping over the room as Smokescreen busied himself with his drink.

The Ratchets were at one table with First Aid. From what Swerve could see, they were comparing medical differences between their homes.

Wheeljack and his partner Bulkhead sat with Whirl, sharing loud stories about the Wreckers. Ultra Magnus seemed less than thrilled about it; Swerve could see his attention flicker between them and his own table.

He, "Megs", Megatron, and Optimus sat together with Brainstorm and Perceptor, all of them trying to figure out how exactly the new bots had been dropped into this universe, and how to get them home again.

Soundwave was nowhere to be seen.

All in all, it was what passed for a normal day now.

"So how long has your war been over for?"

"Huh?" Smokescreen set his glass down, "Oh, I dunno, haven't really been keeping track. Long enough for it to finally feel real."

"I know exactly what you mean," Swerve looked back at the unofficial captain's table when Megatron shifted, leaning forward slightly to see something Perceptor was showing them. He was sitting awfully close to Optimus...

Primus, does personal space mean something different in their universe?

“Are you guys back on Cybertron?”

“Yes and no. We’re back, but we’re still staying on the *Nemesis*. There’s still too much damage on the surface to really settle,” Smokescreen looked over his shoulder, toward Optimus and the others, before turning back to Swerve. “Honestly, I’m kind of hoping we can stay here for another week or two. This is like...the best vacation ever. After the nightmare we had to deal with, being off the *Nemesis*, and away from the Insecticons...it’s nice.”

Swerve paused his glass cleaning, “Thought you said the war ended peacefully?”

“It did! Kinda. I mean...” Smokescreen glanced down the bar at Starscream, who suddenly looked much more somber.

Starscream looked up at him, and Swerve got the impression that they were having a private conversation over their comms.

“The war between ‘bots and ‘cons ended alright,” Smokescreen finally said, looking back at Swerve. “There were just...complications. Some of us don’t like to talk about it...” He turned, this time glancing toward the Wrecker’s table.

Swerve’s curiosity only grew, but he didn’t have time to ask any more questions.

Starscream suddenly spun on his stool, fixing his attention on the captain’s table, “Do either of you know how to *stop* working?”

The bar went quiet, a new custom, as everyone became interested in whatever the new arrivals had to say.

The entire captain’s table looked up, attention snapping to Starscream.

“Do you have an issue with us attempting to get home, Starscream?” Megatron looked...almost amused. Swerve didn’t like how he looked when he seemed *amused*.

“Of course not,” Starscream snapped. “But I do have an issue with you *rushing* to get us home.”

Megatron raised an optical ridge.

“Oh for Primus’ sake,” Starscream waved a servo at the room. “A universe where the war has been over for far longer than ours? A bar that holds more than crudely rendered highgrade?”

“Crude my aft!” Wheeljack called from his table, and a few chuckles sounded through the room. Starscream ignored him.

“A ship run by someone other than yourselves? We’ve been handed a vacation, and you two are practically begging to throw it away.”

“And what of our ship, Starscream?” Megatron turned in his seat to better face the Seeker. Swerve couldn’t help the chill that ran down his spinal strut. That kind of focused attention, from a Megatron, who *wouldn’t* begin to fear for their safety?

Starscream, apparently. The only thing Swerve heard in his voice was annoyance.

“I am sure it will be managed in your absence. Shockwave will keep up with basic repairs, and Knock Out has taken care of a much larger crew with far less supplies. The *Nemesis* will be fine.”

“On the other hand,” Ratchet, the Other Ratchet, had yet to look away from the scans First Aid had

given him, “Bumblebee and Tripline have probably turned the lower floors of the ship into a race track by now.”

Optimus’ mouth curled in a small smile, his attention shifting to his medic.

Megatron and Starscream continued to stare each other down, amusement met with irritation.

“What do you think, Optimus?” He eventually moved to look at the Prime beside him. “How much of a hurry are we in to get back?”

Optimus met his optics. Swerve expected tension, discomfort, something dangerous and tangible in the air. Instead, they seemed...relaxed. The sense of amusement only grew, as if they were sharing an inside joke no one else was privy to.

“I suppose a day or two more would not cause harm. Provided-” Optimus had to raise his voice to be heard over the sudden cheers from Wheeljack and Bulkhead, “-that we are not imposing.” He turned back to Ultra Magnus and the Megatron who actually lived on the ship.

“We do not want to disrupt your crew, or your mission.”

“Think nothing of it,” Megatron, Megs, smiled at him, and Swerve didn’t miss the way his optics seemed to flit between his doppelganger and the Prime, as if he’d noticed a detail no one else had. “We have energon to spare, and we are all well aware of the good a break like this can do so soon after a war.”

Optimus nodded, but his optics moved to Ultra Magnus before he responded.

Ultra Magnus gave a small nod, “He is the captain. And we are happy to help. Stay as long as you’d like.”

“Many thanks,” Optimus met both of their optics before looking around the room, “to all of you.”

“I think that deserves another round!” Wheeljack called out. He was immediately backed by the rest of the bar, and Swerve begrudgingly tore himself away from his people-watching to get drinks flowing. Something was going on between this new Megatron and Optimus. It almost seemed like...

But no. It couldn’t be.

There was absolutely no way.

-

It had been a long time since Optimus had found himself in an establishment like this.

Swerve’s, the *Lost Light’s* go to bar, so he had been told, was packed with Cybertronians. The air was filled with chatter and laughter, the atmosphere so thick with relaxed, happy fields that it felt almost intoxicating. Optimus had almost thought he’d never see a sight like this again.

He also never thought he’d be drinking highgrade again, but the drink in his servo was half empty, and the buzz of charge in his system was beginning to make him feel oddly warm.

It was a sensation he hadn’t felt in a very long time.

A memory of half-forgotten visco came to mind, and Optimus bit back a fond smile. Those nights in Megatron’s berthroom would have likely gone much differently if either of them had bothered to

drink what they had been given. Not that it mattered. In the end, everything had worked out. The war was over, the nightmare that had plagued them was gone, and they were ready to begin repairing all the damage that had been done.

After they found their way home, of course.

Optimus looked around, ever vigilant over the bots under his care.

Starscream and Soundwave seemed content in their corner. The minibot called Tailgate had joined them a few moments ago, apparently interested in striking up a conversation with Starscream, though Optimus suspected that had something to do with Laserbeak, perched happily in Starscream's arms. His friend, Cyclonus, stood beside him, a silent bodyguard. Optimus could only assume that Soundwave was watching him as intently as Cyclonus was watching Starscream.

Wheeljack stood alone with Brainstorm, optics bright as he lost himself to the conversation. It was good to see him like this, engaged and alert. He probably appreciated this time away from the Insecticons, even if he'd never say anything about it. As Optimus watched, Bulkhead joined them, a drink in each servo. One was passed to Wheeljack, and a large black servo found its way to Wheeljack's lower back.

Ratchet sat happily tucked away with his double. There were still scans and datapads between them, but now they both had drinks and were laughing about something Optimus couldn't make out over the noise of the room.

Smokescreen was enthralled with Rodimus. Both of them seemed to be talking a hundred miles an hour, and Smokescreen's optics were gleaming with energy. He had grown so much during his time with Team Prime, something Optimus had noticed, and was proud of to a certain degree. But it was nice to see the young Elite Guard be able to act his age again.

A pang of sadness pulled at Optimus' spark. Part of him wished that Bumblebee had gotten pulled into this universe with them; if anyone deserved a chance to relax like this, it was him.

"Stop overthinking."

Optimus started at the sound of Megatron's voice, suddenly so close behind him. He hadn't even noticed the touch of his field.

He turned to face him, optics immediately dipping to the mostly empty drink in his servo.

"I am just checking in on our crew."

"You're worrying again. You are supposed to be relaxing."

Optimus looked at his own drink, digits shifting slightly over the glass, "It's been so long since we have had the chance to do so..." He looked up to meet Megatron's optics. "Why us? Why only a handful of our crew? Why here?"

Megatron shook his head, a smile beginning to creep over his face, "That is not relaxing. We agreed to enjoy another few days here, to allow ourselves some rest after everything we have been through."

"We did, however, I-"

"No," Megatron interrupted him, "No arguing. No overthinking. Look around you, Optimus," Megatron gestured with his arm, glancing around the room, "Everyone is enjoying themselves.

Have we not earned the right to do the same?"

Optimus looked around again. Wheeljack's face was still healing. Soundwave's scars, while hidden behind his mask, were still there. Sometimes Starscream walked with a limp. Sometimes Smokescreen was too quiet.

Sometimes Optimus looked at the Insecticons, and remembered the fear he had felt when the entire Hive had descended upon him.

But none of that was supposed to matter right now. Because they were here, in a different universe, on a different ship, in a room with different faces and laughter and drink. Because Megatron was beside him, watching him with that familiar look that said he knew he was about to win.

Something softened inside him, and Optimus allowed a small smile to form, "We have. Many times over."

Megatron's smile grew, "Good. Finish your drink."

Optimus raised his glass up, the warmth buzzing through him only growing as fond amusement swelled in his spark. Megatron held his gaze, and together they drained their cups.

"Go find us a table," Megatron plucked the empty glass from Optimus' servo, "and I will get us another drink."

-

He's had too much to drink. He could tell by the charge in his systems, the way he fumbled when reaching for the glass right in front of him, by the laughter that kept bubbling in his throat when he was trying to hold himself together.

It was too much, and he knew it, but he couldn't quite bring himself to worry about it.

For the first time in a long, long time, Optimus felt relaxed.

Where is Megatron?

He looked around, one servo pressed against the wall to steady himself. Megatron had left to refill their drinks, and Optimus had lost their table when a bot, he thought his name was Skids but couldn't quite remember, had told him they needed to move it.

Optimus hadn't thought to ask why, and had simply stood up and watched as it was packed away.

Now he stood alone, watching as dozens of happy faces passed around him. He'd lost track of his own crew a while ago, though he was sure they were all still in the room. Somewhere.

Optimus leaned back against the wall. Perhaps it was time for him to call it a night; there had been enough socializing for the day. Going back to his provided habsuite and lying down for the night was beginning to sound appealing.

Mind made up, Optimus activated his commlink, ready to send a message to Megatron telling him he was retiring for the night. Megatron could stay if he wished, but Optimus was tired.

The main lights cut out. The crowd in the bar cheered, and suddenly there were flashes of colored lights shining off of plating. Music began to fill the room, loud enough that Optimus could feel the beat of it vibrate through his armor.

Oh no...

Optimus had never been a big party goer. During his days as Orion, he had gone out now and then, but never as much as some of his friends. But he knew what a dance club felt and sounded like.

No one had told him *Swerve's* turned into a dance club.

Commlink forgotten, Optimus pushed himself from the wall and began to make his way toward the entrance. Parties were not his strong suit. He didn't want to be here. Megatron would understand, and would know where to find him.

He didn't get far, only a few steps from where he had been standing, before he felt a servo wrap around his wrist.

"Where are you going?" Megatron had to stand close in order to be heard over the music.

Optimus turned to face him, "As Arcee enjoys saying, 'Primes do not party'. I am going back to our hab suite."

"Optimus, a little music won't harm you!" Megatron was almost grinning. His breath smelled like highgrade. "You can't run out on everyone now!"

"No one will notice I am gone." Optimus gestured around the room with his free servo. No one was paying them any attention anymore. "I believe I have relaxed enough for the night. You can stay if you wish, but I do not want to be here." He pulled lightly against Megatron's grip.

Megatron let out a half sigh, though his grin never wavered, "Alright, alright. Let me walk you back to the room." His servo shifted, releasing Optimus' wrist and moving up to rest lightly on the back of his shoulder. He leaned a little closer, speaking directly into Optimus's audio receiver, "Perhaps we could have a little party of our own..."

His field was heavy with a suggestive edge, and Optimus could not help the arousal that began to warm his tank. He would not be opposed to some alone time.

They began to leave again, staying close to the wall in order to avoid the crowds. It felt like Megatron was holding back, almost having to force himself to follow, but Optimus kept moving.

"Wait," There was that grip again, tight and strong around his shoulder.

"Megatron, I have already told you, I—"

"Wait!" Megatron insisted. He looked out over the crowd, head tilted just slightly to one side. "Listen. This song is familiar..."

Optimus went still, curiosity getting the better of him. He tuned out the crowd, focusing on the music that surrounded them.

He and Megatron looked to each other at the same time, the same recognition in their optics.

For all the differences this universe held, there were just as many similarities. The war, the stories about *Maccadam's*, and apparently, some of the music.

The song that played now had been played at a club in Iacon, many centuries ago. Megatronus had asked Orion Pax what there was to do in the upper class city, since the pits and other less savory entertainments were better hidden than they were in Kaon. There had been some teasing and some

stalling, but eventually Orion had taken him to a club he had gone to with Jazz. There had been drinks, there had been laughter, and after a bit of convincing, they had danced.

It was a memory Optimus was very fond of, though it had been painful to look back on for many years. But now...

Megatron was watching him, and Optimus knew what he was going to ask before he began to open his mouth.

"Megatron, no. Please, let us go back to our habsuite."

"Optimus," Megatron pulled him just a bit closer, "think about it. That was a wonderful night, and after all this time, after everything we've survived, we have this opportunity now. We can relive it together."

"Megatron..." Optimus didn't pull away. A part of him clung to Megatron's words. He was right. This was almost a window to the past, a glimpse at the joy they had shared before everything fell apart. And...they were supposed to be relaxing, Optimus knew it was healthy to allow themselves to have some fun, but...at the same time...

He looked around at the crowd, overly aware of the number of people around them. It had been so long since he had been able to let himself go. He'd had to hold himself to a certain standard, he'd needed to be the steady leader Cybertron needed.

"I've never seen Optimus laugh, cry, or lose his cool."

He was a Prime. He couldn't afford to stumble, to wear down, to break. He was needed.

"You're over thinking again," Megatron squeezed his shoulder, and Optimus refocused on him, pulling himself from his inner thoughts. "No one is watching us. We can stay in our corner and have our moment. You deserve to have a bit of fun. Forget your worries, forget your title. Let us be Orion Pax and Megatronus again." Megatron dropped his servo. The grin from earlier slowly spread across his face. "Or are you afraid that you have forgotten how to dance?"

"I have not forgotten!" Optimus sounded a little more heated than he had intended, but honestly, did Megatron actually think he had forgotten how that night had ended?

"Prove it," Megatron challenged, his optics bright, his field curling playfully with Optimus'. "Show me. Let us relive a better time," He stepped even closer, bending to speak into his audial receiver again, "We've had our drink. Let's have our dance, and then we can go back to the habsuite."

Optimus felt him grin against his plating, and tried to bite back his own smile.

"One dance."

"One," Megatron agreed, pulling back enough to see his face. "For old time's sake."

Optimus nodded, then grabbed Megatron's servos and pulled them to his hips.

The song that played was designed to keep bots moving, full of energy and strong beats that were easy to dance to. It was not something Orion would have normally listened to, but after his dance with Megatronus, he had downloaded it to his own personal music collection, and had listened to it often. When everything had fallen to pieces, Optimus had stopped replaying it, only hearing it now and then when he was attempting to go through his collection. But even after all this time, he still remembered every beat and step.

It was a little awkward at first, he could not fully put the crowd out of his mind, but Megatron stayed close, grinning triumphantly and matching every step. His servos stayed on Optimus' hips, holding him just as he had so long ago, and soon Optimus could feel himself melting into the moment.

Nothing else was supposed to matter right now. He just needed to enjoy.

And it became all too easy to fall back to that time they had shared.

Megatron's optics locked on him, their pedes moved together, hips swayed to the beat. Optimus stepped back, and Megatron took his servo to spin him once before pulling him in again.

They spun together, Megatron's servo supporting his back as Optimus reached up to hold his shoulder, and it felt like he was Orion again, the weight of everything he had carried disappearing.

The world fell away. It was just them, just the two of them lost in the music, just like it was before the war. Their fields wove together tightly, relaxed and warm and tender. They moved as if they were one.

Optimus could feel his fans click on, trying to cool him down as heat built under his plating. Megatron grinned at him, a spark of arousal shooting across their fields, and it was such a perfect reflection of Megatronus, such a perfect picture from the past, that Optimus couldn't help himself. He laughed, servo curling tight around Megatron's shoulder as he gave himself up to his hold, allowing Megatron to lead them through the last few measures of the song.

It was almost magical. It felt almost like a dream. Optimus had never allowed himself to think that they could come full circle like this. But after everything, from the Council, to the war, to Airachnid's power play, after everything they had been through, they were back here, in this moment.

Megatron spun him one more time, guiding him with steady servos, and when Optimus fell back into his arms, he found red optics still watching him, full of tender mirth.

There were no words to describe the peace that fell over Optimus' mind, the joy that filled his spark as Megatron held him close. His grin softened to a smile that Optimus returned immediately. A gentle pressure pushed against his lower back, dragging him tight against Megatron's torso, and Optimus reached up to cup his cheek, leaning in and tilting his head back to meet Megatron as he leaned down for a slow kiss.

"What the *frag!*?"

The spell that had settled over them shattered as someone screamed from across the room. Megatron's head shot up, instantly on guard, and Optimus felt his battle protocols attempt to come to life.

The music had stopped. The bar was still. Almost every optic in the room was on them.

Optimus risked a quick glance around. Lost in their moment, he and Megatron hadn't noticed as they'd moved away from their private spot against the wall. Now they stood in the middle of the crowd, arms still around each other.

"Is there a problem?" Megatron asked shortly. His body was still relaxed, but the tone of his voice held a warning.

"You just...you just *kissed him!*"

Optimus recognized Whirl's voice.

Megatron looked down, meeting Optimus' optics. Optimus gave a small, almost sheepish smile. It was hard to be embarrassed about it now. Megatron looked back to Whirl.

“And?”

Optimus took a step back, putting some space between himself and Megatron, though he did not shrug off the servo on his back. He cleared his throat, holding himself tall as he looked around the room.

No one seemed to be able to wrap their minds around what they'd just seen.

“Our war is over,” Optimus told them. “Our differences were reconciled, and Megatron and I...” He trailed off, not entirely sure how to explain how they had gotten back to *this*.

“We fell back into old habits,” Megatron finished for him, and Optimus nodded. That was a good way to put it.

“Fragging Primus...” Rodimus, who was staring with his jaw almost on the floor, appeared to be at a loss for words.

“Pick your jaw up kid, this ain't new,” Wheeljack grinned from the other side of the crowd, leaning against Bulkhead with his arms crossed.

“It's *not!*?”

“No, it's not,” Starscream spoke up from the bar at the same time Bulkhead said, “Not even a little.”

[We are going to be overwhelmed with questions now.] Megatron sent over their comms.

Optimus bit back the smile that threatened to form. *[I do not doubt that.]*

“Why didn't you tell me!?” Swerve cried out, rounding on Smokescreen like he'd been betrayed.

Smokescreen looked at him and shrugged.

“I told you the war ended peacefully.”

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